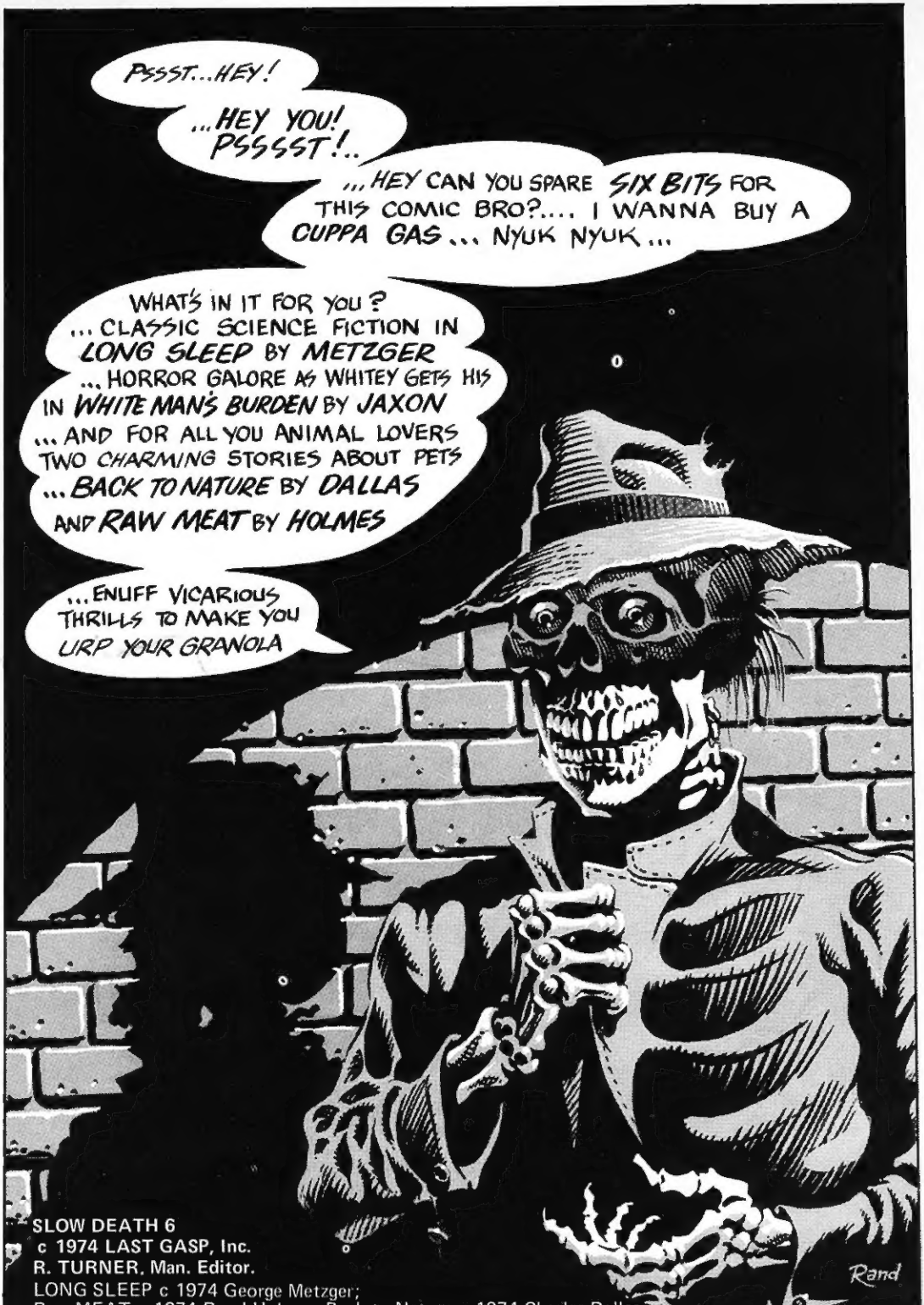
LAST GASP
ADULTS ONLY
APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY
NO. 6
75¢
SLOW DEATH
WE AGREE NIX--UN! WE WILL TRADE THE BLACK STUFF YOU CALL OIL FOR THE...AH..... UNDESIRABLE MEMBERS OF YOUR SOCIETY
PROVIDED YOU INCLUDE THE COLONEL SAUNDERS RECIPE... OF COURSE
Rand


PSSST...HEY!
...HEY YOU! PSSSST!..
...HEY CAN YOU SPARE SIX BITS FOR THIS COMIC BRO?.... I WANNA BUY A CUPPA GAS... NYUK NYUK...
WHAT'S IN IT FOR YOU? ...CLASSIC SCIENCE FICTION IN LONG SLEEP BY METZGER ...HORROR GALORE AS WHITEY GETS HIS IN WHITE MAN'S BURDEN BY JAXON ...AND FOR ALL YOU ANIMAL LOVERS TWO CHARMING STORIES ABOUT PETS ...BACK TO NATURE BY DALLAS AND RAW MEAT BY HOLMES
...ENUFF VICARIOUS THRILLS TO MAKE YOU URP YOUR GRANOLA
Rand

SLOW DEATH 6
c 1974 LAST GASP, Inc.
R. TURNER, Man. Editor.
LONG SLEEP c 1974 George Metzger;
Raw MEAT c 1974 Rand Holmes; Back to Nature c 1974 Charles Dallas
White Mans Burden c 1974 Jaxon. All inquires and orders (additional
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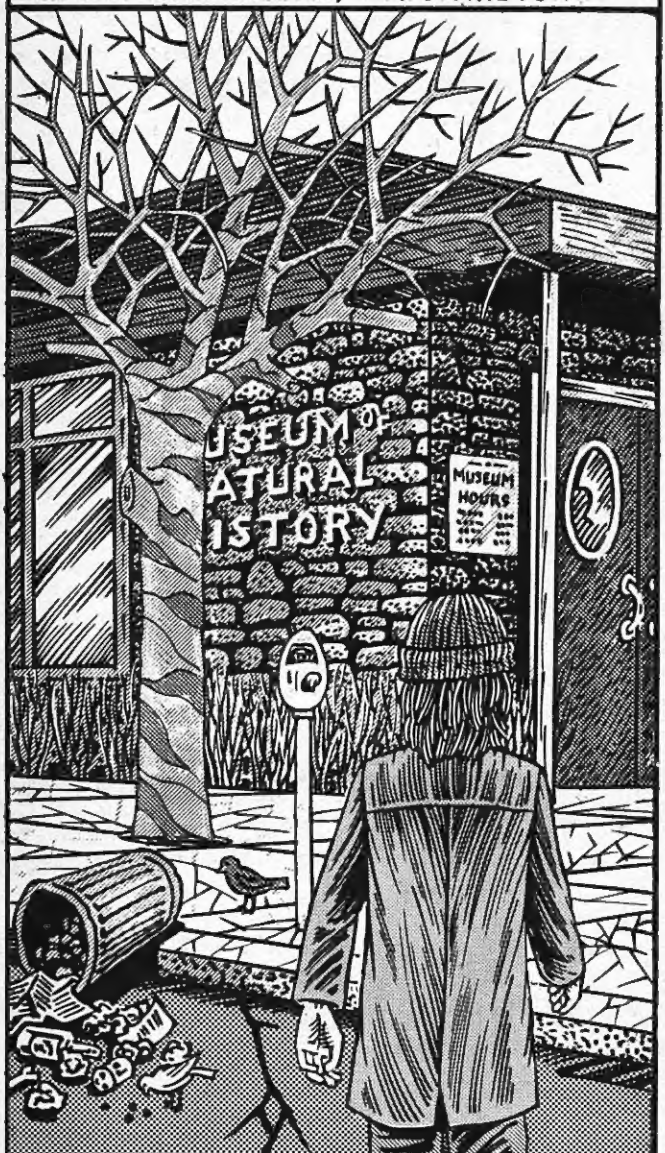
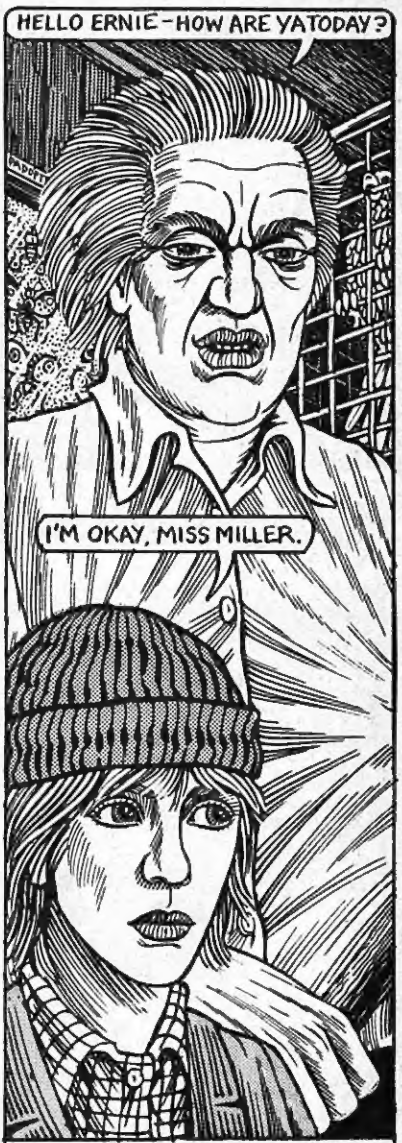
ON HIS FREQUENT EXCURSIONS TO CITY PARK ERNIE OFTEN VISITED A SMALL NATURE MUSEUM. IT WAS A CHAMBER OF HORRORS FOR HIM, BUT HE SEEMED DRAWN THERE BY SOME STRANGE, COMPELLING FORCE.





HE HATED THE OLD LADY WHO RAN THE PLACE. TO THE LIVE ANIMALS IMPRISONED THERE SHE WAS A CRUEL AND SADISTIC TYRANT.

CALL OF THE WILD, A.K.A. BACK TO NATIIRE © C.DALLAS 1974

STRIFE WAS CONSTANT-EVEN AT FEEDING TIME THE ANIMALS PREFERRED MISS MILLER'S GLOVED HAND TO THE WRETCHED FOOD IT OFFERED.
GO AHEAD-BITE ME! SEE WHERE IT GETS YA!

THEY WOULD EXPLODE INTO RAGE AS SHE PASSED BY— HURLING THEMSELVES AGAINST THE BARS IN A FRENZIED ATTEMPT TO GET AT HER.
GIDDOWN, YOU LOUSY VARMIT!

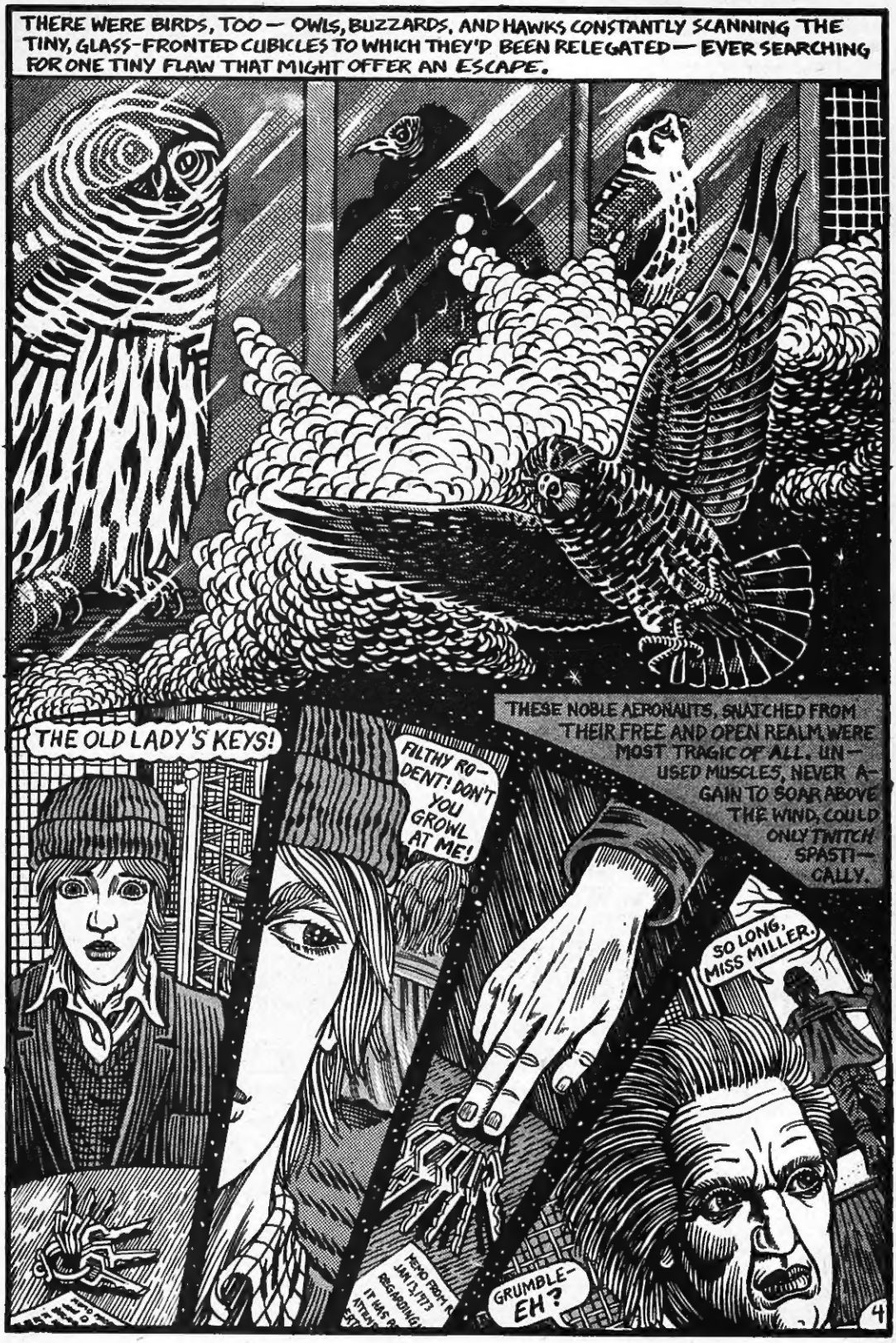
IF THE ANIMAL BECAME TOO FRANTIC SHE'D FETCH HER STICK AND BEAT HIM INTO PASSIVITY.
TAKE THAT, UNGRATEFUL BEAST! YOU'D BE DEAD IF I WASN'T LOOKIN AFTER YA!
CRAK
MAYBE HE'D RATHER BE DEAD...

MISS MILLER'S POWER WAS ABSOLUTE— AND SHE'D BECOME CRAZED BY IT.
YOU'D DO WELL TO GET USED TO THE IDEA THAT YOU'RE GONNA ROT IN THAT CAGE!

ERNIE SADLY SHUFFLED OVER TO THE SQUIRREL CAGE. ITS PATHETIC OCCUPANTS TWITCHED AND QUIVERED OPPLY AS THEY LAY ABOUT THEIR CAGE IN ABSURD POSITIONS.
THE SQUIRRELS REGARDED HIM NOT WITH HATEFUL FURY, BUT RATHER THE PLEADING GAZE OF A CONDEMNED, YET INNOCENT, MAN.

A FAT SURLY RACOON HUDDLED IN ITS CELL, RELEASING FRUSTRATION BY CHEWING ON ITS OWN RAUNCHY COAT.
IN THE ADJACENT CAGE A NUEROTIC SKUNK MADE PITIFUL MOCKERY OF HIS ONCE FORMIDABLE DEFENSE. HE NEVER CEASED SCRATCHING AT THE STONE FLOOR FOR A SOFT SPOT WHERE HE MIGHT DIG AND ESCAPE.

A CAPTIVE ARMY OF TURTLES PRESSED AGAINST THEIR UNSEEN BARRIER, HOPING THEIR COMBINED EFFORT MIGHT TOPPLE IT.
3


THERE WERE BIRDS, TOO — OWLS, BUZZARDS, AND HAWKS CONSTANTLY SCANNING THE TINY, GLASS-FRONTED CUBICLES TO WHICH THEY'D BEEN RELEGATED — EVER SEARCHING FOR ONE TINY FLAW THAT MIGHT OFFER AN ESCAPE.
THESE NOBLE AERONAUTS, SNATCHED FROM THEIR FREE AND OPEN REALM WERE MOST TRAGIC OF ALL. UN— USED MUSCLES, NEVER A— GAIN TO SOAR ABOVE THE WIND, COULD ONLY TWITCH SPASTI— CALLY.
THE OLD LADY'S KEYS!
FILTHY RO— DENT! DON'T YOU GROWL AT ME!
SO LONG, MISS MILLER.
GRUMBLE— EH?
4

THE END OF ANOTHER DAY.
GOOD NIGHT, YA FLEA-RIDDEN GEEKS!.. I DO WONDER WHERE THEM EXTRA KEYS WENT...
...HELL, THEY'LL PROBABLY TURN UP AT HOME... GRUMBLE, MUTTER...
QUIET YOU GUYS— I'M GONNA LIBRATE YA!
ERNIE PASSED QUICKLY FROM CAGE TO CAGE, UNLOCKING EACH ONE. THE FREED ANIMALS FOLLOWED HIM ABOUT, COOING SOFTLY, RUBBING AGAINST HIM, AND ALLOWING THEMSELVES TO BE PETTED. FOR THE FIRST TIME THE TINY MUSEUM VIBRATED WITH LOVE AND UNDERSTANDING.
COME ON NOW— WE WON'T HURT YA!
BUT STILL THERE WAS SOMETHING AMISS— SOMETHING UNRESOLVED.
5

ERNIE OPENED SOME BACK WINDOWS BUT THE ANIMALS STUBBORNLY REFUSED TO LEAVE.
WHAT'S WRONG? DON'T YOU WANNA BE FREE?
FEARFUL OF DISCOVERY, ERNIE HIMSELF USED THE ESAPE ROUTE, HOPING THEY WOULD FOLLOW BEFORE MORNING—
—AND THE ARRIVAL OF MISS MILLER!
...IT'S TOO GODDAMN QUIET IN HERE!
WHAT'S WITH ALL THIS SHIT ON THE FLOOR!? HEY! HOW'D YOU CRITTERS GIT LOOSE?
GAAAA

SUDDENLY THEY WERE UPON HER ---- A FRENZIED WAVE OF RIPPING TALONS, BEAKS, CLAWS, AND TEETH.
THE MUSE-UM'S FIRST VISITOR WAS ERNIE, ANXIOUS TO SEE IF HIS REVO-LUTION HAD SUCCEEDED.
7.

IT WAS QUIET AS A TOMB, EXCEPT FOR THE STEADY DRONE OF FLIES AS THEY POURED THROUGH STILL-OPEN WINDOWS. BLOOD AND ANIMAL DUNG COVERED THE FLOOR...
RULE: NO TALKING

THE CAGES REMAINED *UNLOCKED*, BUT WERE NO LONGER *VACANT* — WITHIN EACH ONE RESTED A CRUDELY SEVERED PIECE OF *MISS MILLER'S BODY!* ERNIE WAS PREPARED FOR SUCH A SIGHT BUT, EVEN SO, FEAR AND REVULSION *CURDLED* HIS INSIDES AS HE WENT ABOUT REPLACING EACH PADLOCK HE'D REMOVED THE NIGHT BEFORE.

RETURNING HOME, ERNIE WASN'T SURPRIZED TO FIND SEVERAL OF HIS COMRADES SPLATTERED ACROSS THE ROADS — IT WAS TO BE *EXPECTED*. BUT AS THE *OWL* HAD ONCE TOLD HIM; FAR BETTER TO DIE *FREE*... THAN LIVE IN A *NATURE MUSEUM*.

© C. DALLAS 1974

END.

THE LONG SLEEP
it is the same dream as always.... i am moving down the long corridor of the crypt, among the racked coffins...
...once more i am drawn to that one... fearful, yet fascinated, i step closer...
i must see who lies within... but already i know whose face i shall see...
BAMBER, G.L. DF 56367066
as always i awake screaming....
YOU ARE NOT RESPONDING TO TREATMENT AT ALL, DOCTOR BAMBER, BUT RETREATING DEEPER INTO THE FANTASY. WHAT FASCINATES YOU SO ?
the cold.
PSYCHO NALIZER AB-313

THE COLD? CAN YOU EXPLAIN?
if you were a human, rather than a machine, i wouldn't HAVE to explain! to a human living in this city where the average temperature is 180° cold is an exotic luxury... i loath and dread the heat... i remember when i was a young intern, first assigned to the staff of a SkyHooker comapt* building....
*(short for commuter apartment complex)
One day, a heat wave... 24.6 wagners ...tho off duty an alarm summoned me to the medi-cubicle...
Wha—?
get into your cool-suit, Bamber. the building's cooling system has failed. 143 dead in the first 3 minutes..
the maintenance crew had to laser thru the fused doors of the comapts— inside everything was slag— the fold-in wall furniture, plastic walls, the people.... all fused together.....

i was useless, sick in my helmet — cold, delicious tremors coursed thru my body...
...perhaps i prefer the coolness of death to the heat of life..
PLEASE, NO DRAMATICS. I WILL ANALIZE THE DREAM. CONTINUE YOUR OBSERVATIONS OF YOUR DREAM, DR. BAMBER.
I remember the space... the long, long vault, streatching on before me with no end in sight... a feeling of infinity... so different from...
umm
..my com-apt
just beautiful, Bamber ods blue sky...
Ohhh look a waterfall
it's so alive!
listen..

its so real
such depth...
so skillfully done
i could almost touch it.
cost me a fortune, but i wanted THE BEST hologram-artist!
Veri Prinz.
—yes, the most in-demand illusionist today...
..and it was worth it, after all...
KLIK!
whew, that i'd lost th' button...
...who wants to live with this?
ohhhh you turned it off...
MAXIMAL POPULATION MEANS MINIMAL SPACE OCCUPANCY. BE GRATEFUL YOUR PROFESSIONAL STATUS ALLOWS YOU TO AFFORD THE LUXURY OF ILLUSIONS.
i want a real tree.
A REAL TREE WOULD DIE UNLESS YOU CONSTRUCTED AN ARTIFICIAL ARBORETUM. BE REALISTIC. CHANGE THE SUBJECT. HOW IS YOUR SEX LIFE?

PerVert! filthy minded deviationist!!
all this time and i never suspected!
when the rest of the staff knows of this you'll be finished—
back in a comapt med-ward!
i've been asked to perform a lot of incredible things, but this! to have children! what kind of an animal do you think i am, doctor?
HAVE YOU NO CONTROL, DOCTOR BAMBER? YOU HAVE CONTEMPLATED A GRAVE SOCIAL CRIME!
YOUR PROBLEM IS MUCH DEEPER THAN EVIDENT ORIGINALY. I SHALL HAVE TO REFER THIS TO A HIGHER...
NO! NoMore NoMore
life's a waking nightmare No More!
CRASH!
DR. BAMBER!!
BAMBER?
NEXT, PLEASE.

..but theres no escape
..no escaping truth—i am unrealistic, wanting what i cannot have... ...and if i can't function realistically of what use are my doctor's skills?
help others? i can't even help myself! is there no way out?
Parlor
of course! like in the dream: cold, quiet death, an end to responsibilities...
Oh, yes, yes!
EUTHANASIA
PUBLIC SPIRIT
BASE
BURDE
SUICID
HUH? HEY, leggo!
now, now, you don' wanna opt, no...
..not an' waste all this MEAT!
CARNIVORES!
in here.
GRRR ROWR
Whos got the freezer?
oh boy, no more yeast and soy for us!

SAVE HUMAN!
DEPRAVED MEAT EATERS!
SIMIAN TAC 3000d
thats Bamber they've got! —quickly—
KREEGAH
whew saved!
you do want to live aftey all, Doctor.
OOK! OOK!
BASH
THUD
...yet, you don't appreciate youv citizen's life here— ummm, poor socio-stability vating...
i'm fvom Centval Authovity, Doctov Bambev. youv analist tuvned you in. we can't have you behaving ivvegulavly...
NO, STOP!
HuH? wh- whov're YOU?
...come along, now, we'll covvect the situation....
OH, NO NO
NONO, i won't go, NO!
too late, Doctor, you've been drafted!
KLK WHRRRRRRRRR

Bamber, are you awake? can you hear me? hey!
WHAT... cold... stiff...
don't move too much yet... give your body time to get used to being thawed out.
i've been asleep... dreaming of Earth.
the Earth we knew is dead, 245 years in the past. while we were in suspended animation she has solved her problems or perished.
i remember now.. we're all social misfits... on a star ship... a colonizing venture...
..yes, and we've arrived at a virgin world; the ship's computer has thawed the officers first...
its true... a new world, a new future for Man...
and to think, we were drafted for this...
the long sleep is done, the nightmares ended. Now begins the dream.
emigh Metzger 20oct78 ©

SAT. NITE AND JOE LUNCHPAIL IS AT HIS FAVORITE BAR HOPING AS HE PUTS IT- TO PICK UP SOME STRAY NOOKIE BEFORE THE EVENING IS OUT.
SO WHO NEEDS YA? Y'STUCK-UP BITCH!
JOE DOESN'T GET MUCH...HE SEZ IT'S BECAUSE MOST WOMEN ARE A BUNCHA STUCK-UP CUNTS...THE REAL REASON IS THAT HE'S AN INSENSITIVE-LOUD-CHAUVINIST.
WELL SAY....HEY!!...LOOKEE WHAT JUST WALKED IN
BUT EVEN A HONKY LIKE JOE MANAGES TO SCORE ONCE IN A WHILE... AFTER ALL, HE IS A FAIRLY IMPRESSIVE LOOKING 180 POUNDS OF.....
BAR ROOM
HEY BEAUTIFUL!! HOW BOUT JOINING ME FOR A BEER?
Rand

THANX!....
...IT'S NOT ALWAYS EASY TO GET A SEAT HERE ON A SATURDAY NITE
...MY NAME'S ANDREA

ANDREA... FOREIGN HUH? ...MY NAME'S JOE, I....
HEY!
OOPS, SORRY!
BUMP

'SORRY' MY ASS!.... YOU LONG-HAIRED HIPPY CREEP!
KRAK

DID YOU SEE THAT!? KNOCKED INTO ME ON PURPOSE!
MY YES!.... AND THEY'RE SO... ....'VICIOUS'

O.K. FOLKS... FIGHTS OVER EVERYBODY JUS'GO BACK TO YOUR SEATS
SHOW'S OVER
HUNH?... WA'D'JOO SAY?
I SAID I THINK YOU'RE EXTREMLEY VIRILE, JOE
OH... YEAH!.... RIGHT!... YA DON'T HAFTA WORRY ABOUT ANYBODY BOTHERIN YA WHEN I'M AROUND
2

SEVERAL BEERS LATER...
...SURE GLAD YER NOT ONE OF THOSE FUCKIN...OOPS!..HA HA PARDON MY FRENCH!.....
...WOMENS LIBBERS, THEM BROADS ARE NUTS!...
....HEY LISTEN WHYN'T WE GET OUTA THIS JOINT AN GO HAVE A DRINK AT MY PLACE?
WHY DON'T WE GO TO MY APARTMENT JOE?....IT'S JUST AROUND THE CORNER AND I'VE GOT SOME GIN
S'GOTTA BE MY LUCKY NITE!
NOT ONLY AM I GONNA HAVE THE PLEASURE OF PORKIN THIS CHICK...
...BUT WE'LL BE USING HER PLACE AN HER BOOZE TO BOOT!
IT'S KINDA OLD BUT I HAVE THE UPSTAIRS SUITE SO IT'S QUIET
ACTUALLY MY SUITE WAS MADE OUT OF THE TOP TWO FLOORS...
....IT'S NICE AN ROOMY
....YOU'LL LIKE IT!
3

WELL.... ...HERE WE ARE
YOU SHOULD REALLY GET OUT OF THOSE WET CLOTHES Y'KNOW...
...THERE'S CLEAN TOWELS IN THE BATHROOM
YEAH!.... GOOD IDEA...
...THIS THE BATHROOM HERE?
OH!... NO... SPOT'S IN THERE!
THE LANDLORD DOESN'T ALLOW PETS... SO I HAVE TO KEEP HIM LOCKED UP A LOT....
THE BATHROOM IS AT THE TOP OF THE STAIRS
JUST PUT YOUR CLOTHES IN THE BEDROOM
YEH... O.K.
THANK CHRIST SHE KEEPS THE FUCKIN MUTT LOCKED UP!
ALL I NEED IS SOME STINKIN DOG SLOBBERIN ALL OVER ME....
4

THIS MUST BE THE BEDROOM
SHOULD BE A LITE SWITCH HERE SOMEWHERE
KLK
HI...
JEEZUZ!!
YOU DON'NEED THE TOWEL JOE

UNHHH
UNHH
AAH!

LATER...
MMMM....WHERE YA GOING BABY?
SPOT HASN'T BEEN FED YET...
...YOU JUST RELAX... ..AND I'LL BRING YOU A NICE GIN AND TONIC

NOW DON'T MOVE TIL I GET BACK LOVER

CHRIST...I GOT THIS CHICK EATIN OUT OF MY HAND

MAY AS WELL STICK AROUND FOR SECONDS ...HEH HEH

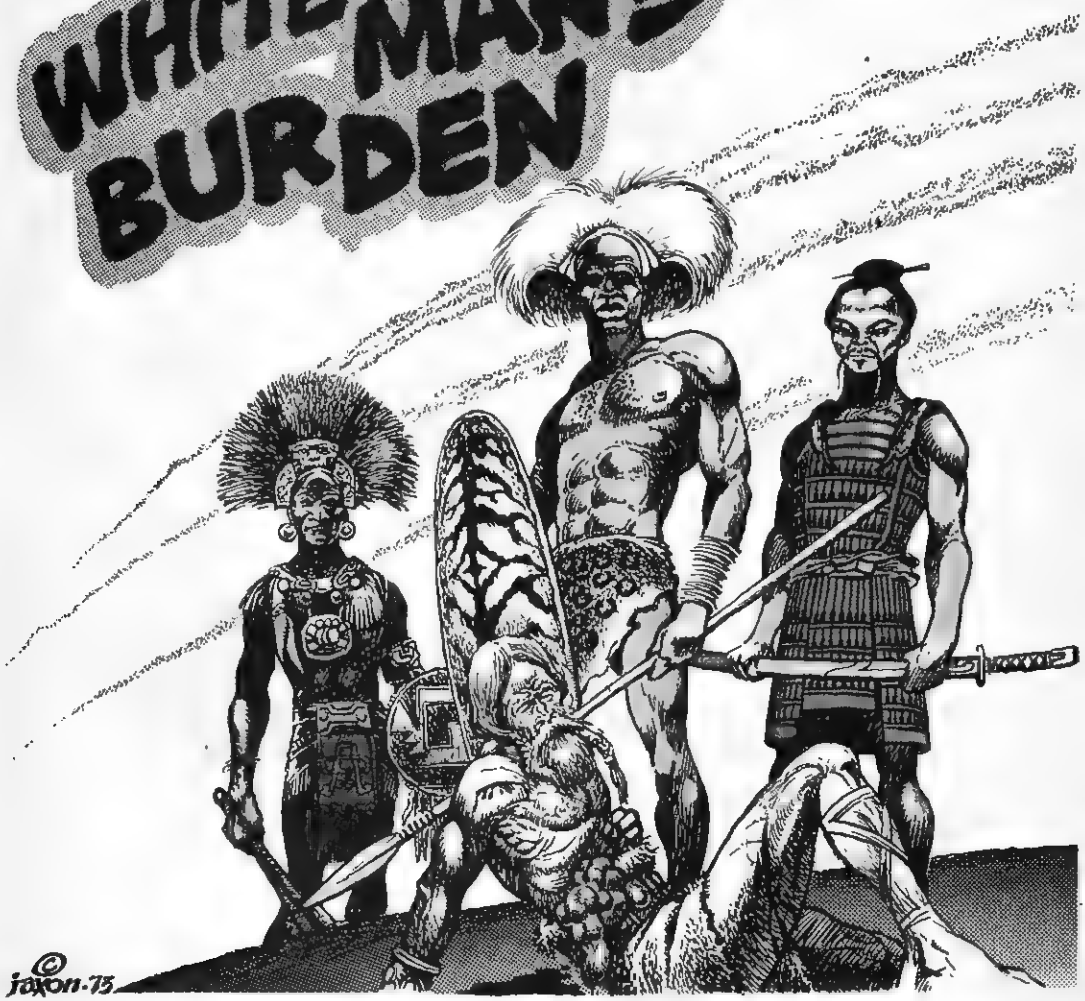
HEY!...
WHAT THE FUCK?

THE BED!!... IT'S MOVING!!...
....FOLDING UP....
YAAAAAAAAA
CRUNCH SNAP
THERE!... AND I HOPE YOU'RE GRATEFUL YOU GLUTTONOUS CREATURE!
YOU'VE NO IDEA WHAT I HAD TO PUT UP WITH TO GET YOUR SUPPER TONITE
SPOT
AND YOU THOT ALL YOU HAD TO WORRY ABOUT WAS CATCHIN A DOSE!..... STILL... A MAN WHO TREATS WOMEN LIKE "MEAT" CAN HARDLY COMPLAIN IF ONE FINALLY RETURNS THE COMPLIMENT...HEH HEH

IT IS ALMOST OVER NOW: THE 'WHITE MAN'S BURDEN' IS BEING WRESTED FROM HIM • PRIED FROM FINGERS FROZEN IN DEATH • SEVERED FROM THE SHOULDER WHERE IT HAS CLUNG SO LONG THAT IT HAS BECOME A SORT OF DEFORMED HUMP • A CANCEROUS GROWTH, SLOWLY EXTENDING ITS FOUL TENDRILS TO CHOKE THE SOUL OF ITS HOST • AND THERE IN THE DUST OF DEFEAT, THE IRONY WAS SUBLIME, FOR NOT EVEN THEN DID THE WHITE MAN RECOGNIZE HIS GUILT — HIS INSATIABLE LUST FOR CONQUEST AND SUBJUGATION THAT HAD FINALLY UNITED THE THIRD WORLD PEOPLE AGAINST HIM • HE STILL BELIEVED THAT "CIVILIZING" THE OTHER PEOPLES OF THE EARTH WAS HIS SACRED DUTY: A SOMEWHAT DISAGREEABLE TASK THAT OFTEN CALLED FOR HEROIC SELF-SACRIFICE ; A CROSS HE HAD BEEN CALLED UPON TO DRAG THRUOUT HISTORY; "PAYING DUES" FOR BEING THE SUPERIOR RACE — IN SHORT, THAT "GOD MADE ME DO IT". IT ALL WOULD HAVE BEEN A LUDICROUS JOKE IF HE HAD NOT DRIVEN THE HUMAN SPECIES TO THE BRINK AND PLACED THE EARTH ITSELF WITHIN A BREATH OF TOTAL ANNIHILATION • BUT THE OPPRESSED PEOPLES — THE BLACK, BROWN, AND YELLOW RACES — HAVE AT LAST GRASPED THE INSIDIOUS MAGNITUDE OF THE WHITE MAN'S CURSE, THE DEMONIAC POSSESSION THAT WILL NOT LET HIM REST UNTIL HE HAS OBLITERATED EVERYTHING, INCLUDING HIMSELF • THEY HAVE FINALLY UNDERSTOOD THE TRUE NATURE OF THE STRUGGLE AND AROUSED THEMSELVES AGAINST THE 'WHITE DEVIL'.

THEIR COALITION HAS SUCCEEDED IN PUSHING THE WHITE RACE ACROSS THE WASTED PLANET, BACK TO ITS ORIGINAL FOUNTAINHEAD IN THE FROZEN NORTHLANDS • IT IS HERE THAT THE REMNANTS OF THE NORDIC PEOPLES ARE MAKING THEIR LAST STAND, BEWILDERED BY THE VINDICTIVE INGRATITUDE OF THEIR FORMER SUBJECTS, PROTESTING THEIR INNOCENCE TO THE BITTER END •

WHITE MAN'S BURDEN



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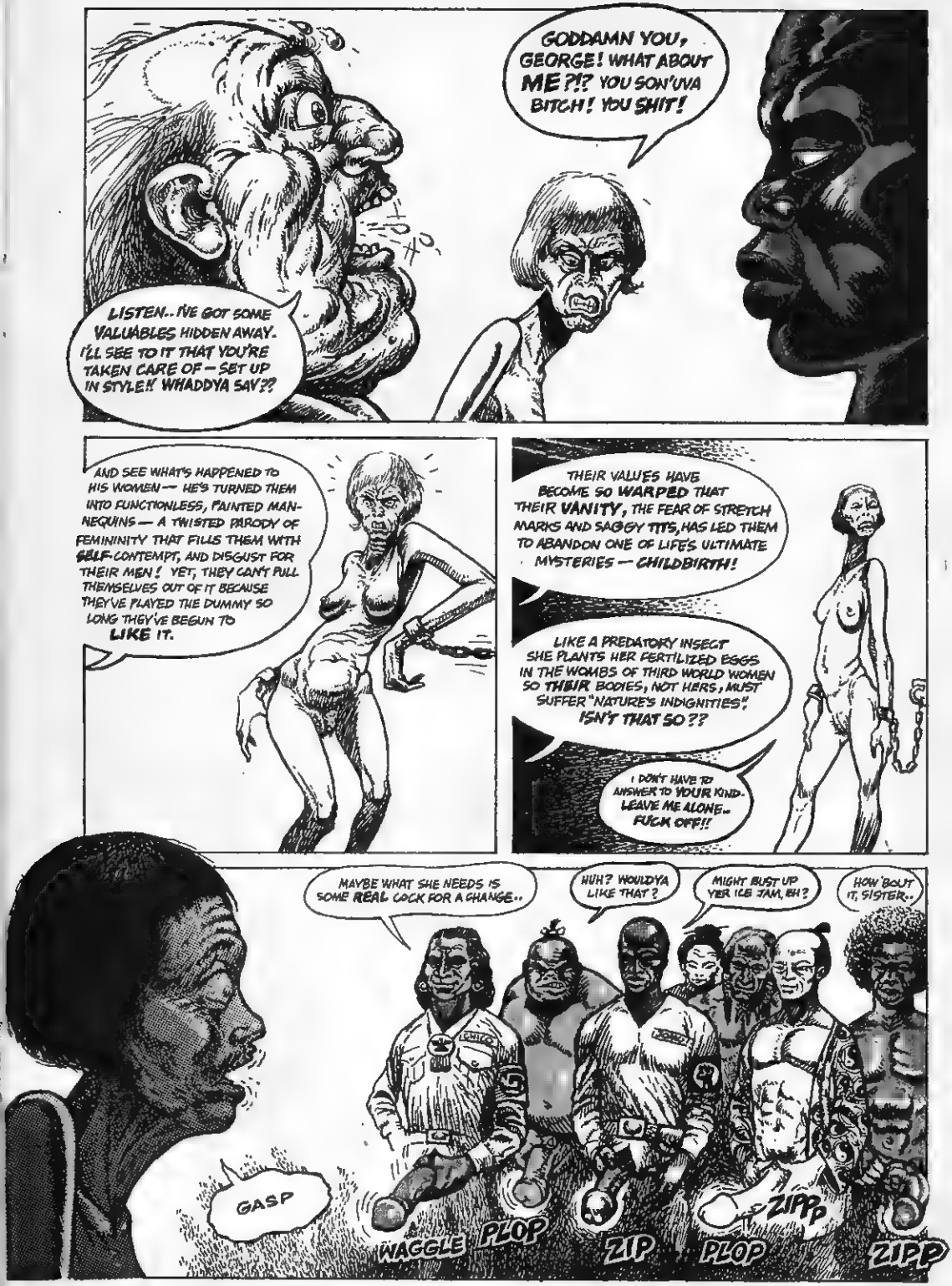
jaxon·75

AT THEIR MAKESHIFT HEADQUARTERS, COALITION COMMANDERS ARE DELIBERATING THE FATE OF SEVERAL CAPTIVES, THE SOLE SURVIVORS OF THEIR SECTOR— PERHAPS OF THE ENTIRE WHITE RACE...
A REAL SPECIMEN, AIN'T HE?
SMALL WONDER THAT THE WHITES ARE SO FAR GONE, WITH A LEADER CADRE LIKE HIM FOR INSPIRATION...
ALMOST ENUFF TO MAKE YOU THROW UP!
GOTTA KEEP ONE JUMP AHEAD OF THESE YO-YO'S
BEFORE THE WAR HE WAS PROBABLY A HIGH-PAID BUSINESS EXECUTIVE, A 'CAPTAIN OF INDUSTRY.' NOW HE'S NOTHIN' BUT A SNIVELING, FAGGOTY LARD-ASS WITH A BAD CASE OF ROOT ROT.
GEE, HOW'D HE KNOW ALL THAT? HM, MAYBE THESE BOOBERS ARE SMARTER THAN I FIGGURED...
YOUR TIME IS PAST, BOSS MAN! YOU'VE DONE SHOT YOUR WAD. ALL YOUR TECHNOLOGY, YOUR PUSH-BUTTON LIFE-STYLE HAS FAILED YOU.
GURK
HUH??
WAIT.. GAK! LET ME GO AND I'LL MAKE IT... WORTH YOUR WHILE!

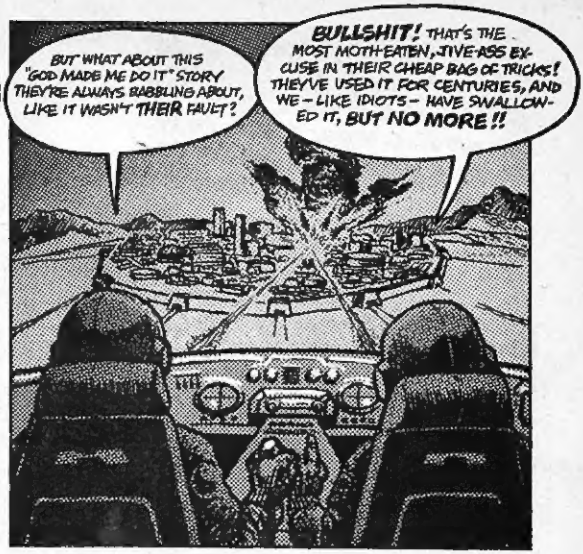

GODDAMN YOU, GEORGE! WHAT ABOUT ME?!? YOU SON'UVA BITCH! YOU SHIT!
LISTEN.. I'VE GOT SOME VALUABLES HIDDEN AWAY. I'LL SEE TO IT THAT YOU'RE TAKEN CARE OF — SET UP IN STYLE!! WHADDYA SAY??
AND SEE WHAT'S HAPPENED TO HIS WOMEN — HE'S TURNED THEM INTO FUNCTIONLESS, PAINTED MANNEQUINS — A TWISTED PARODY OF FEMININITY THAT FILLS THEM WITH SELF-CONTEMPT, AND DISGUST FOR THEIR MEN! YET, THEY CAN'T PULL THEMSELVES OUT OF IT BECAUSE THEY'VE PLAYED THE DUMMY SO LONG THEY'VE BEGUN TO LIKE IT.
THEIR VALUES HAVE BECOME SO WARPED THAT THEIR VANITY, THE FEAR OF STRETCH MARKS AND SAGGY TITS, HAS LED THEM TO ABANDON ONE OF LIFE'S ULTIMATE MYSTERIES — CHILDBIRTH!
LIKE A PREDATORY INSECT SHE PLANTS HER FERTILIZED EGGS IN THE WOMBS OF THIRD WORLD WOMEN SO THEIR BODIES, NOT HERS, MUST SUFFER "NATURE'S INDIGNITIES". ISN'T THAT SO??
I DON'T HAVE TO ANSWER TO YOUR KIND. LEAVE ME ALONE.. FUCK OFF!!
MAYBE WHAT SHE NEEDS IS SOME REAL COCK FOR A CHANGE..
HUH? WOULDYA LIKE THAT?
MIGHT BUST UP YER ICE JAM, EH?
HOW 'BOUT IT, SISTER..
GASP
WAGGLE
PLOP
ZIP
PLOP
ZIPPP
ZIPP

OOH GOD, DON'T LET THEM FORCE ME... I COULDN'T STAND IT....
...SO BIG AND HARD..
.. SO DEEP IN MY...UMMM.. SVELTE, JUICY CUNT ...OOOOOUUU...
DON'T TOUCH ME... PLEASE.. STAY AWAY...
OH GOD, OOOHH OOH UMMMM
SORTA PATHETIC, AIN'T IT?
YEAH
TOKYO
CHAN
WHA...?? YOU MEAN YOU'RE NOT GOING TO...?
YOU BASTARDS! FUCKING CHAUVINIST PIGS! PERVERTED LECHERS!!
I...I DON'T WANNA DIE.. IT'S NOT FAIR..

BUT THIS ONE... AHHH, HE'S DIFFERENT. IT'S HIS KIND THAT HAS KEPT 'WHITEY' PROPPED UP THIS LONG. HE'S DUMB, BUT HE'S YOUNG AND STRONG. HE HASN'T MADE IT INTO THE CORRUPT POWER ELITE, BUT HE'D SURE LIKE TO...
..NOW HE NEVER WILL.
NOW, BOY, LISTEN TO THE CHARGES AGAINST YOU: YOU HAVE ENGLAVED YOUR BLACK BROTHERS, STOLEN THE RED MAN'S LAND, FORCED THE JEWS TO BE YOUR SHOPKEEPERS, AND THE ORIENTALS TO WASH YOUR DIRTY LAUNDRY. YOU HAVE POISONED THE OCEANS, POLLUTED THE ATMOSPHERE, RAVAGED THE LAND, WIPED OUT THE WILDLIFE OF THE PLANET, REDUCED COUNTLESS NOBLE SPECIES TO BONES AND DUST AND REPLACED THEM WITH NEW STRAINS OF VERMIN AND DISEASE.
YOU HAVE EVEN DEBASED GOD TO YOUR OWN IMAGE AND CONTRIVED AN AGONIZING DEATH FOR HIS ONLY SON.
YOU ARE THE MOST ACCURSED RACE EVER TO PLAGUE THE EARTH! EVERYTHING YOU TOUCH TURNS TO SHIT! YOU ARE DOOMED, WHITEMAN!! DO YOU ACKNOWLEDGE YOUR GUILT??
I DUNNO WHAT YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT... YOU'RE NUTS...
OH NO, MY OFAY FRIEND — YOU CAN'T GET OFF THAT EASY. WE'RE GONNA FRY YOUR BRAIN UNTIL YOU COMPREHEND THE ENORMITY OF YOUR SINS! BEFORE WE'RE FINISHED, YOU'LL THANK US FOR SHOWING YOU WHAT A LOW-LIFE, DEBASED WORM YOU REALLY ARE —
SPIT!
CRUMBLE
SNAP
SWOOSH
CLUNK
OOF!!
KRAK
WATCH OUT! HE'S LOOSE!!

..CUMON YOU COCK-SUCKERS.. YOU CHINKY-ASSED, NIGGER SPICS, CUMON! CUM'ON!
BLAMMMBBLAMM
BRATTATTATBLATATTT
Thunk!
Zing!
Thud!
BRANGG
Bling!
Thap!
Thap!
ANIMALS!! BEYOND HELP! THEY MUST ALL BE EXTERMINATED!
AND SO THE THIRD WORLD COALITION LAUNCHES A MASSIVE ATTACK AGAINST THE FINAL STRONG-HOLD OF THE WHITES, AN ATTACK DESIGNED TO END THE SPECTRE OF WHITE SUPREMACY FOREVER.
YOU KNOW, IT'S SORTA SAD, THINKING ABOUT THAT POOR, DUMB-SHIT REDNECK BACK THERE. I COULD ALMOST HAVE ADMIRED HIM, EVEN EMBRACED HIM AS A BROTHER. YET, TO THE END HE HELD US IN CONTEMPT, LIKE WE WERE SO MUCH DIRT..
YEAH.. I KNOW WHAT YOU MEAN— THE ONLY ONE OF THEM WORTH SAVING, BUT THE VERY ONE THAT HAD TO BE ELIMINATED. A MENACE TO SOCIETY, LIKE A RABID DOG!!

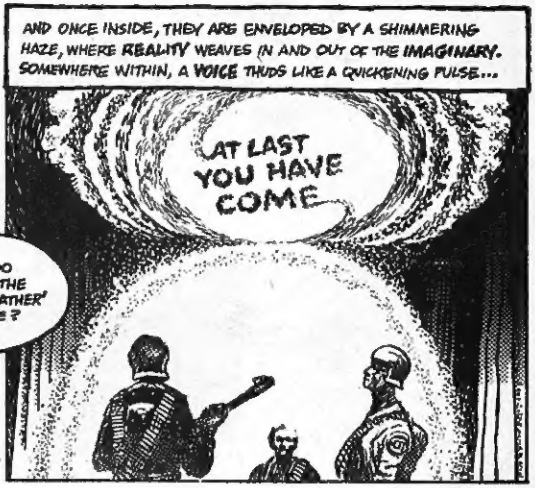
.. AND THE OLD DUDE! GOD, I HOPE POWER NEVER MAKES US LIKE HIM!
DON'T WORRY... THEY GET LIKE THAT BECAUSE OF BASIC GENETIC INFERIORITIES. IT'S LIKE THE WHOLE WHITE RACE HAD BEEN PROGRAMMED TO MALFUNCTION, TO SELF-DESTRUCT, FROM OUT FRONT.


BUT WHAT ABOUT THIS "GOD MADE ME DO IT" STORY THEY'RE ALWAYS BABBLING ABOUT, LIKE IT WASN'T THEIR FAULT?
BULLSHIT! THAT'S THE MOST MOTH-EATEN, JIVE-ASS EXCUSE IN THEIR CHEAP BAG OF TRICKS! THEY'VE USED IT FOR CENTURIES, AND WE – LIKE IDIOTS – HAVE SWALLOWED IT, BUT NO MORE!!

LATER, AS THE VICTORIOUS COALITION FORCES PROWL THRU THE RUBBLE...
WEIRD.. NO CORPSES, NOTHIN'.. THE PLACE MUST HAVE BEEN DESERTED...

LOOK! THAT MUST BE THEIR ORACLE, THE SACRED PLACE OF THE OMNIPOTENT VOICE, WHERE THE WHITEMAN CLAIMS TO HAVE GOTTEN The Word!

STIFLING A VAGUE PREMONITION WITH NERVOUS LAUGHTER, THE BLACK, BROWN, AND YELLOW RACES WALK FOR THE FIRST TIME INTO THE TEMPLE OF THE SOUL OF THE WHITE RACE...
SHALL WE GO IN AND SEE IF THE 'GREAT WHITE FATHER' IS STILL HOME?
HA HA


AND ONCE INSIDE, THEY ARE ENVELOPED BY A SHIMMERING HAZE, WHERE REALITY WEAVES IN AND OUT OF THE IMAGINARY. SOMEWHERE WITHIN, A VOICE THUDS LIKE A QUICKENING PULSE...
AT LAST YOU HAVE COME

THOUGH THE VOICE IS HEARD BY ALL, EACH FEELS IT SPEAKS TO HIM ALONE...
REMEMBER ABOVE ALL THINGS: TIME IS SHORT, AND WE HAVE HARDLY BEGUN.
ALL AROUND US THINGS ARE DETERIORATING, CRUMBLING, BEING SAPPED OF THEIR VITAL STRENGTH — OUR UNIVERSE, OUR PLANET, OURSELVES...
AND IN THE FACE OF THIS SENSELESS, FUTILE WASTE THE HUMAN SPIRIT HAS NEVER KNOWN SUCH INDECISION, SUCH A WALLOWING IN VAIN TRIVIALITY, POINTLESS DIVERSION, HOLLOW ECSTASY
EVERYTHING IS EVERYTHING
WE MUST CLEANSE OURSELVES AND RISE PURE FOR THE STRUGGLE

TO FACE THE UNKNOWN WITH THE DIGNITY, STRENGTH AND RESOLVE BEFITTING OUR ANCESTORS, THE DESCENDANTS OF GODS — MASTERS OF THE COSMOS!!
THEREFORE, TOUCH THESE SACRED SYMBOLS, THESE RUNES BEQUEATHED TO US BY ANTIQUITY; BURN THEM INTO YOUR MEMORY AND TELL ME — WHO ARE YOU, AND WHAT MUST YOU DO??
WE ARE THE MASTER RACE AND WE MUST OBEY!!
VIVA LA RAZA!
GUNG HO FAT CHOY!
POWER TO THE PEOPLE!
THIS WAY, YOU GUYS!
NO, THE VOICE SAID THE WAY WAS OVER HERE
YOU'RE BOTH WRONG! I DISTINCTLY HEARD IT SAY THAT WAY
OOPS... THIS CASE IS GOT ALL TH' SYMPTOMS OF A DISPLACED BURDEN IN NEED OF A NEW SHOULDER. WATCH OUT, BROTHERS, CAUSE TH' LITTL' FUCKER JUST MIGHT BE COLOR BLIND!
END

DALLAS
78